

Sit Tight, Get Messy

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Sit Tight, Get Messy

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Summary

And George had never considered his best friend—*Dream*—to be a sexually suggestive person, had never even let the thought pass through his oh-so-easily manipulated mind.

But *fuck*.

How the hell was he supposed to stop all those thoughts from infiltrating his mind now?

George goes into Dream's room and finds something that he wasn't supposed to see. Perhaps the key to what he wanted had been breaking the rules all along.

Notes

mars here !! :D big thank you to [millie dnfsinner](#) for letting me finish their unfinished fic !! he wrote the beginning (i changed some things lol) so if you see a really cool sentence it's probably him lmao - but i had a lot of fun finishing this work <3 i've wanted to write a fleshlight fic anyways because dream totally owns a clear fleshlight so ...

and thank you to [glittering_ant](#) who i know did the html work on this - thank you, the text messages would all look ridiculous without your help <3 and you can find them on twitter

[here](#) !

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It would've been best to stay in his room.

George really should have just sucked it up and dealt with the bruised knees and stinging paper cuts that would line his fingers as he tore open the cardboard boxes. He should have taken a minute, searched through the piles of stuff strewn about his room until he found his charger and went about his day.

It would have been so easy; he didn't have to sneak into his best friend's room and search for the right cord, he didn't have to see the things that made him stop dead in his tracks the second he breached the door.

At first, he didn't even see it, but the moment he did, it had his breath hitched in his throat. A pretty, coral flush rose to his cheeks, body rendered motionless by the sheer amounts of *shock* that ran through his veins. It was almost as if his brain malfunctioned, trying to process what in the hell he'd just seen.

Clear and transparent—almost compelling where it sat in the middle of a grey comforter—rendering George a flustered, speechless mess. In full view of innocent umber eyes laid a fleshlight—a *used* fleshlight, sticky white spilling obscenely out of its entrance.

And George had never considered his best friend—*Dream*—to be a sexually suggestive person, had never even let the thought pass through his oh-so-easily manipulated mind.

But *fuck*.

How the hell was he supposed to stop all those thoughts from infiltrating his mind now?

The image of Dream fucking into the tightness of transparency, soft groans slipping from his tongue as he tries to keep his sounds nothing more than that. The idea of Dream's cock pulsing inside of the toy, sticky white oozing from the tip as his orgasm hits him at full force—it had George practically drooling at the door, gaze captured by the daunting thing.

He nearly forgets *why* he came into the room in the first place; for a charger, which he needs to find before his thoughts can override and he does something regrettable.

The rough drag of George's feet against the carpet feels like a trek into a lion's den, every step as though the Earth is shaking beneath him. UMBER eyes are desperate to look anywhere other than the bed, dancing about the room with a quickness that couldn't just be in search of a phone charger.

Red flames of heat emit from George's cheeks, shades growing deeper as he steps over to the bedside table. He leans down, unplugging the thin cord from where it rests in the wall, wrapping it around his hand with the quiet shift of uncontrollable eyes. He tries not to look, *he really does, but it feels against his will at that point*.

A glistening sheen of cum spills from the slit of the toy, dripping filthy and slick onto the sheets covering the bed. It's nothing more than a mess left for Dream to clean up when he gets back, a mess that George can't even rationalize being left there at all.

He wants to taste it... wants to clean it up before Dream comes back to find him staring.

Stifling a pathetic whimper with the painful drag of ivory canines against supple pink flesh, George rushes out the door before his thoughts can become an impulse reality. The phantom taste of something just as familiar as it was unknown rests on the tip of his tongue, inexorable no matter how many times he swallows the thick spit gathering in the pink of his mouth.

When he finally gets back to the familiar comfort of his room—a place that wasn't even very far to begin with—George clutches the offending charger in close to his chest, face nothing more than a deep red of sinful outposts. There's a stiffening hardness in his shorts, impossible to ignore no matter how much he may want to.

George lets the door shut behind him, back colliding with the harsh surface of the door with enough force to hear it rattle. His chest heaves, heavy breaths ghosting over top of his lips, racing mind trying to process what the fuck he'd just witnessed in the confinements of his best friend's room. He wants to know if he's imagined it all—though he already knows he didn't.

Dream has a fleshlight—a clear, transparent fleshlight that would surely showcase how his cock slid in and out of it oh-so-easily. His ownership of a sex toy would've been enough on its own, but the enticing clear of it all somehow made it so much better.

George wants to see him use it.

He wants to watch him fuck in and out of the thing, cock strangled by the presumed tightness of the toy as groans roll across bitten lips. He wants to watch as a pink tip—glossy with a sheen of precum—pokes out from the top of the toy, only for it to disappear with an upstroke and reappear with more slickness than it should probably have.

He wants to watch as Dream fucks the fleshlight up and down his cock, wants to watch him spill inside of it with a grunt of pleasure while his eyes roll to the back of his head—faintly, George wonders if Dream would moan his name as he comes. (Secretly, he really hopes so).

And it should be pathetic that a stupid sex toy is the cause of George's unraveling. That years of pushing erotic thoughts aside would be cut with a sharp knife, cogitations of Dream flooding his mind in an instant by the sacrificial hands of a fucking fleshlight.

George should've stayed in his damn room.

An unlawful whimper slips past his lips when he breathes out, the strain in his shorts growing tighter by the moment. Uncomfortable strain begs him to dip his hand in under the seam and appease himself with the thought of Dream lingering in the back of his mind, thoughtless and aroused by the presence of his own undoing.

And George almost doesn't want to give in. Because giving in means admitting defeat, admitting that he wants Dream in all the ways he can't have.

But he does give in. Because he is nothing if not pathetic.

George slides down the flat of the door, shirt rising against the skim of wood as he delves into the thoughts of his best friend. His body hits the floor at the same time his thoughts spin out into a pit of seamless black, a sinful void laid out beneath him that feels far too welcoming for what it promises deep within.

Providing, George wonders if the sick clear toy bulges, wonders if it stretches out to comply with the sheer size of Dream's cock. He also wonders if he would bulge, too—wonders if Dream would

poke out from his stomach as he's fucked in the same way as that sex toy.

Dream probably would; it's undeniable that his dick is big—for a naturally big guy, it should be expected of him. And his confidence, that stupid, sexy smirk that would slide over his lips every time Sapnap or George would taunt him that his dick is small, a soft shrug of "sure" is more than enough to leave a ghost of a taste on an argent tongue—more than enough for George to want to find out for himself.

The charger still clutched in dainty fingers falls to the ground, opting instead to fall over the hardening length under cotton grey shorts. He feels stained and absent, pale skin tainted by the thoughts he can't erase and the heady pressure of his own hand on his cock.

When George moved in a mere week ago, he figured it would've taken longer for his thoughts to override every instinct in his body that told him to go the other way. That Dream wouldn't affect him like this until later, that he'd have enough self control to keep himself in line for long enough that it wouldn't feel so pathetic to think about.

But almost always, George is proven wrong. And he never should've thought this to be the one exception; even if he couldn't have predicted messy fleshlights on display in places he shouldn't be looking, he could have predicted the way he already saw his best friend when he closed his eyes at night.

His palm runs over the tip of his cock, eyes fluttering shut with the tilt of his head facing up towards the ceiling. He wants to hate how he's crumbled down so quickly, been left to be nothing but a writhing pile of disparity, yearning so deftly for his best friend of all people as he finally accepts how badly he wants the man.

Stark images flash to the front of his mind, vivid thoughts of Dream, the fleshlight, sticky white cum where it leaks from the gaps in a clearly used toy, soft moaning that seems way too natural-sounding in his ear—maybe it's his own.

A whine escapes George's lips the second he applies the barest of pressure, free hand slapping over his mouth almost immediately. His hips dare to rut up against the touch, and he slides his hand down further, not stopping until his palm is buried in the roughness of his bedroom carpet. With his forearm pressed between his legs, George squeezes his thighs together tight enough to feel it.

He rolls his hips into the inner part of his arm, the hand over his mouth muffling a soft moan of pleasure. It feels like sin—sick, red sin—but he can't bring himself to stop it, any of it.

Thoughts of Dream stumble through his mind, the fleshlight being a part of every single one of them. They way his cum spilled out of it, making such a useless fucking mess of the bed, and George wants to be it—he's borderline envious of the thing, desperate to be the one Dream spilled himself in.

He needs to be the one Dream wants, doesn't want a stupid fleshlight to be wrapped around Dream's cock when he could waltz down the hall and make George take him until he's dumb.

But he also knows that can't happen.

The line between friends and something more has become impossibly blurred, and it's only George who knows it. It's only George that knows of what Dream keeps hidden beneath grey bed sheets or in closed dresser drawers, no one else—well, besides Dream himself.

He can't quite decide if that makes it better or worse. Either way, it's a filthy little secret that feels so between the two of them—even if George is the only one who knows the way they're both in on it. But he can't unsee the things he's already seen, can't undo the motions his hands have already taken, so he falls into himself with a promise to make it worse.

George whimpers into his hand, bringing the other up and slipping it under the hem of his shorts. He cries out to the door behind him when he wraps his hand around his cock properly, feeling himself twitch in the grasp of his palm.

Dragging his hands down in a rough glide, he doesn't even try to hold the thoughts he's spent years hiding away in the back part of his mind. His eyes are coaxed open when he couldn't even remember closing them, the restraint wrapped tight behind his teeth keeping sounds to nothing but a mere clutter of noises coming undone.

"F-Fuck... please," he breathes, knees parting slightly.

With the upstroke of his hand, George swipes his thumb over the gland of himself, lips splitting open in a moan as the sensation washes over him.

Something inside of him yearns for the touch of Dream—his best friend, just one room down from him, someone who could easily hear George cry out his name through the thin walls of the house; another reason why he has to be quiet.

Did Dream silence himself, too?

Did he bite down on his lips? Muddle his noises so neither George nor Sapnap could hear the desperate cries as he spilled into his fleshlight at four in the afternoon?

George almost hopes so. He couldn't wait to see how bitten and red Dream's lips would be—and when he would inevitably ask for some chapstick later, George would happily press it into his hands with a secret glint in his eyes. But, of course, it'll be because he knows it isn't because of dehydration (or whatever shitty, half-assed excuse Dream would throw out to accompany accusatory glances) and that it's the fault of gnawing ivory teeth.

Part of him loathed the thought of seeing Dream later. It would only result in timid glances around the room as he tries to avoid piercing versant eyes that sift through every secret desire of his mind, like he was out in the open where he didn't want to feel so exposed.

But then again, it feels fun, knowing something that he shouldn't. One-way glass keeping Dream from finding out George's knowing secret, leaving George to do nothing but stare at his own reflection, unspoken desires wrapped like tight vines around his figure.

His breath stutters, a small whimper pushing up his throat as he curls his wrists, the jerk of his cock slow and deliberate. And when he pulls his hand off, tired of the scratchy feeling of cotton shorts against his skin, he tugs them down, letting the fabric pool around his ankles before finally kicking them off.

With the freedom of clothes from the lower half of his body, George's cock slaps against his stomach, the rough cotton of his black t-shirt grazing over the head of his sensitive skin. He almost whines at the stimulation, taking his dick into his hand again.

A quiet thud echoes through the room when the back of George's head hits against the door behind him, jaw dropped in the delectation of insatiable need. He arches up into his fist, letting the pleasure override his mind for a brief moment, a loud moan jolting at the air as his fingers run

over a vein under his cock.

George bites at the back of his free hand to better muffle his sounds, wrist shifting up and down where it's curled into a tight sin of raptured momentum.

Now, he wonders if his hand is as tight as the toy—or if Dream would prefer something else just as so. If Dream would rather have the sweetness of vulnerability between George's legs to fuck instead of that goddamn fleshlight. (George is beginning to think he's become jealous of the treacherous thing—perhaps he has).

Beads of precum slick over the head of his cock, and he's quick to smear it down the length of his cock as his pace spirals to something messy and inconsistent; just like the fleshlight had been, used and finished in, tossed to the side to be dealt with later. George wondered how much farther from then later was meant to be.

Ivory teeth prod at the flesh of his bottom lip, gnawing it almost raw as George tries to keep his noises to nothing above the smallest whimper. And when he pulls the hand off of himself, bringing his pointer and middle finger to graze along his tongue, he moans at the bitter taste.

George slicks his fingers with the thickest coat of spit his mouth could muster, relishing in the aftereffect of precum that blooms over his taste buds. And when he pulls them out, a trail of hot saliva connects his lips to the pads of pale fingers, almost burning as it drips down to splatter his chin with the same consistency of fire.

He drags them with intended slowness down to the spot between his pretty thighs, a spit-coated finger circling his rim. Chocolate-tinted eyes flutter shut, pearly teeth biting his lip to stifle yet another moan as he slowly presses inside of himself. He can't help but let his mind run away from him, wishing unmistakably that it was—

A sharp ding sounds through the room. Whether a fortunate or unfortunate result, it distracts George from the problem at hand.

At first, he goes to ignore it, wanting to finish himself with the name of Dream laced with begrudged betrayal to his own conscious mind when another ding comes through, and then another.

The annoyed groan that leaves his throat is enough to shatter glass, wiping his hand on the floor with no regard to the barely-there imprint of spit and precum.

His phone still sits atop the bed sheets, just where he'd left it before he got himself into this mess. George swiped it into his hand as he laid back against the mattress, unlocking the device to see three texts from the man who proves to be George's weakness.

TODAY 4:12 PM

Dream:

Did you take my charger??

Helloooooo

I heard you walking around the house like 10 minutes ago

With a huff, George rolled his eyes, thumbs quick to type out a response.

TODAY 4:12 PM

George:

Yeah
Sorry, I'll give it back soon

Dream:
Why?

George:
Mines in one of my boxes, idiot

Dream:
Did you go in my room?

George:
Well duh
How else would I have gotten the charger?

Dream:
When?

It feels strangely weird to be conversing with Dream like this—as if there's some unspoken tension underlying their texts, hidden in every word and comma and question mark. Undoubtedly, there is, whether Dream could sense it as strongly as George could.

TODAY 4:13 PM

George:
You know
You're asking a lot of questions, Dream

Dream:
No, I'm not
It's just a question

George:
Why does it matter?

Dream:
Just answer the damn question
When did you go in my room?

George:
Like, idk
15 minutes ago? Maybe longer?

Dream:
Don't come into my room without permission
Okay?

George:
Oh, so now I need your permission?
It's just a room, I go in Sap's room all the time

Dream:
You always need my permission

This is my house, not Sappnap's, so you play by my rules

There's a short huff, a flash of white burning down George's spine. It's hot, but it's not uncomfortable, and George wonders how a collection of words can carry so much sickening weight.

TODAY 4:15 PM

George:
Whatever.

Dream:
Oh, come on
Don't act like that

George:
Act like what?
You're the one that's acting weird.

Dream:
No
Just don't like little brats snooping around in my room

George:
Why not?
Have something to hide, Dreamie?

Dream:
Maybe there are things you shouldn't be seeing

George:
What kind of things would those be?

Dream:
I would tell you
But you're acting defensive, which makes me think you already know

With a grin on his face, George giggled, tempted to play into Dream's games. The world of strange feelings and fondled lust is far more enticing than he imagined it to be, and he can't help the desire to delve into it so recklessly.

TODAY 4:17 PM

George:
Know what?
Tell me

Dream:
No
You tell me
Did you see anything?

George:
Maybe

Maybe not

Dream:

You know I could hear you right?

George whimpers, tongue flicking out to drag his bottom lip under the pressure of his teeth. His cock twitched where he'd held it in his fist, still exposed to the cold air of his room and just as hard as it had been before.

Then, another text came through.

TODAY 4:18 PM

Dream:

You gonna tell me or not?

With a final push over the edge, George wrapped a hand around his cock. The stimulation from before returns tenfold, only this time with a slight burn pooling low in his stomach—he can't tell if he's dreaming or not. He hopes this is real—it certainly feels like it.

TODAY 4:19 PM

George:

If you think I already know then there's no point

Dream:

There's always a point, doll
So come onnn, just tell me

At the pet name, George can't stop the moan that slips out, biting his tongue in the hopes that Dream couldn't hear it. (And if he didn't bite as hard as he usually *would*, in the off chance that Dream would come in, then that's no one's business but his own).

TODAY 4:19 PM

George:

Kinda busy rn

Dream:

Aw, did I interrupt something, baby?

George:

You have a fleshlight.

George's breath catches in his throat at his own vulnerable admission, even if it's not *his* sex toy being exposed to the readability of their text thread. Ivory teeth dig harder into the flesh of his lips, carving divots into the chapped pink skin there until he fears the possibility of drawing blood.

Seconds feel like hours. George waits with rapt attention for Dream's next words, attention unwavering where it rests on the glowing screen of his phone.

TODAY 4:20 PM

Dream:

There it is

Good boy, Georgie

The name draws a soft moan out from the center of his chest, hand stilling at the base of his cock for a moment as his other struggles to write out a decent reply. Typing with one hand was difficult, and George felt pathetically out of practice.

TODAY 4:20 PM

George:

It was used
You used it today

Dream:

And do you wanna know why I used it?

George:

Why

Dream:

Ask me nicely

George:

Not doing that
Just tell me

Dream:

Thinking about you
Your thighs
Mouth

George whimpers again, thighs squeezing together, wrist flicking up and down in slow, tantalizing movements. Even just the *idea* of Dream thinking about that way was enough to drive George wild, but the confirmation? He could've lost his mind.

TODAY 4:22 PM

George

What about them?

Dream:

Thinking about how easily I could push them together, fuck myself between them and use you
Your mouth, too
Bet you'd look so pretty with my cum dripping down your lips

Holy fuck.

A whine dares to creep up his throat, a bead of precum soaking onto pale skin where his shirt just barely rises. His mind had never been so quick and cloudy, a hundred thousand too many images racing through his head.

TODAY 4:23 PM

George:

Fuck

You can't just say things like that

Dream:

Yeah?

Why not

George moans, thumb flicking over the head of his cock to collect the drooling precum. It was getting harder and harder to reply, free hand going stiffer with the phone in his hand as his breath fell ragged over the rawness of his lips.

TODAY 4:23 PM

Dream:

Do you even know what you do to me, George?

George:

No

I don't

Why don't you show me?

Dream:

Do you really want that?

George whispers his response as he types it.

George:

Please

Dream:

Tell me what you're doing

Then maybe I'll consider it

George:

Do you enjoy this?

Dream:

Enjoy what, doll?

George:

Making me suffer

Making me tell you that I saw your fucking sex toy on your bed?

Used sex toy

Dream:

Maybe

Now tell me

With a roll of amber eyes and tug to his cock, George gives in to the blond's relentless teasing.

TODAY 4:26 PM

George:

I'm touching myself

Now will you show me?

Dream:

What do you want to see?

George:

Anything
Everything
Fuck
Something

Dream:

Can I send you something?

George:

Yes please

Dream leaves him on read for what feels like eternity, but in reality, it can't be more than a few minutes. George takes the opportunity to finally relish in the hand he has wrapped around himself, the constant motion he puts onto his cock taking the front of his mind.

Every upward stroke feels like heaven, soft whimpers and moans slipping from his tongue as he rolls his hips up, just barely fucking the loose fist of his hand. And he can only hope it will be Dream's sometime soon—desperate to feel the other around his dick as he whispers dirty words against the shell of his ear.

When his phone finally vibrates, it's a notification from Snapchat.

The pad of George's shaking thumb clicks the pop-up, and then on Dream's snap. And another loud moan falls from his mouth without hesitation, almost uncontrollable as he looks at the image displayed on his screen.

It's Dream's cock—that's undeniable—but what socks him the most is the transparent fleshlight wrapped around its thickness. The head pokes out from the top, a stunning image of precum leaking from the slit having spit gathering under George's tongue as he stares.

Without a care in the world about getting his phone messy, George's hand pulls away from his dick, instantly screenshotting the vulgar image so he could look at it whenever he wanted to.

He switches back to their messages with the same shiver as before.

TODAY 4:35 PM

George:

You're big
Bigger than I imagined

His reply is instant.

TODAY 4:35 PM

Dream:

Fuck
You can't say that to me

George:

Why not?
You just told me you want to fuck my mouth
And my thighs
I can say whatever I want

Dream:

And who gave you that right?
Remember I'm in charge here
You do what I say
Got it?

George doesn't answer, opting to change the subject for his own benefit.

TODAY 4:37 PM

George:

Are you still thinking of me?

George hopes he is.

TODAY 4:37 PM

Dream:

More than ever

George:

I'm thinking about you, too

Dream:

What about?

George quickly switches over to Snapchat again, snapping a photo of his hand where it rested on his lower stomach, alluding to something better. His cock was barely visible behind the cover of his knuckles, and he wondered if Dream would be able to tell how achingly hard he was right then.

*About you, your cum that was inside of the damn fleshlight you're using
And about how I wanna be the thing you're using instead*

DREAM TOOK A SCREENSHOT!

TODAY 4:39 PM

Dream:

The thing?
You wanna be my fuck toy, doll?

George:

I do
Why would you use some stupid toy when I'm literally across the hall?
I could fuck you so much better

Dream:

Fuck
My room.

Now.

George doesn't respond, throwing his nearly dead phone to the side and rushing to pull a pair of sweats on. They're probably from the day before, left carelessly on the floor where George still hadn't dealt with getting a laundry basket, but something in him said he wouldn't need them on for very long anyways.

And though Dream was only in the room next door, the trek over hardwood floors felt treacherous. Daunting as he slips out the door, heart beating rapidly in his chest like a mantra of crippling nerves mixed with the reality of the situation—they try to scream at him not to give in.

George doesn't care to listen.

Sudden shyness lingers under his skin, the weight of his hand pushing Dream's door open without bothering to know why; Dream knew it would be George, unable to expect their third roommate—a man who wasn't even home then.

"You came," Dream said with a smirk, arrogance thick behind strands of timbre.

Obscene noises make up for George's silence, the movement of Dream's hand stroking the transparent toy up and down his cock—a captivating sight to be greeted by. He's spread out across the top of his mattress, back pressed against the headboard where he's seated atop his mess of pillows wearing nothing but a pair of sweatpants.

George swallows, spit trailing like burnt ash down the back of his throat. He wants to do so many things, wants so many things done *to* him, and he fears he may crumble before he can ever get to the end of desires.

The door clicks shut behind him, thumb and pointer finger twisting at the horizontal lock to turn it vertical. Soft moans slip into his ears, spit-like noises emitting from the fleshlight as he clears his throat awkwardly.

"Yeah..." George whispers in what feels like a belated response, "I did."

His eyes are trained on the head of Dream's cock where it pokes out from the top of his toy. Vivid pink length blurred within the transparency of it still gives George the right idea.

"You have a fleshlight," he repeats the text he sent earlier, voice strained over the admittance that feels dragged out of him by force.

A short, sarcastic yet startlingly breathless, "I do," lingers in the air between them. Then, "you like it, baby?"

Dream enunciates his words with an upward pull on his toy, the sound of rubber against skin nothing less than rough and overly slick. (George wonders if Dream even cleaned the damn thing before he put his cock back inside it, and he doesn't know which answer he'd prefer).

Another trail of hot ash burns the muscle of his throat, amber eyes trained on how the fleshlight bulges open to compensate for Dream's length—*he is so fucking huge*. The thrusts upward leave nothing to the imagination, cock visibly pulsing in the constraints of clear rubber, and George can feel the saliva pooling beneath his tongue.

It's thick and heavy, building up in his mouth as if it were on instinct. And if George were to ignore the bubbling sensation in his gut, he'd be a man gone mad. His half-hidden shyness presents itself in pretty shades of crimson on white-cut skin and the endeavor of failed eye contact.

"Yeah," he barely chokes out. "Yeah, I like it."

A slick *pop* voids the air when Dream pulls the thing away from his cock, arrogance shown between two trials of messy sins and devoured content.

In other words, George had just taken the bait—lured in by the gentle demise of lust, only to be pranced upon by an impulsive, starving lion. And maybe that's exactly what he wanted; to be taken, to be *devoured*, to be left in ruin by the man who turned him redder than he'd ever seen himself before.

Dream twists the toy's entrance over the head of his cock, rolling up to sit on his spread knees closer to the center of his mattress. "Sit on the bed, George."

George would've been stupid to ignore the request, but his mind fought with him anyways.

Truly, if he knew what was good for him, he'd turn in the opposite direction and forget he ever saw that dumb toy in the first place. He would not, however, do as Dream said. (Maybe he would). He would not fall farther into the man's splayed open trap, he would not be ensnared by the lewdness of his slick noises or the cocky uptick of his bitten pink lips.

He would.

His knees knocked against the edge of the mattress when he stepped close enough to see the pornographic sheen of precum slicked over the head of Dream's pinkishly red cock. Breath hitching in his throat, George crawled onto the bed, plush grey dipping under his weight where he settled on his knees across from Dream.

"Good boy," Dream draws out in sickly sweet prose, the praise sending a shiver down George's spine. He had to bite his lip to contain the pathetic whimper he felt rising to the tip of his tongue.

With the newfound proximity, George found a better view of the vile toy as it slid up and down Dream's cock with venomous fervor; the thing was small, or it at least looked small with the abnormally large length protruding from its entrance. It's long, bulky where Dream's tip enters it before it shrinks into something consistent, and because of how fucking *big* he is, Dream protrudes from the end.

The poor toy looks fit to burst, split apart just from the sheer thickness of Dream's cock; and George wonders how pathetic he would look in juxtaposition—if his cock could even begin to compare to the other's size.

Slick sounds of obscenity slip up to his ears, gooey echoes of precum and lube filling the leftover silence prolonged from George, quite pathetically, not being able to speak. And truth be told, the noises only created a fury of hot-ironed arousal that solidified in his bones.

"Does it feel good?"

It came out unintentionally, just barely crossing the realm of whispered questions and shy glances. Dream can only moan in response, his hips taking over for a moment when they fuck up into the toy.

"Not as good as the real thing," he said shallowly, "but it's something."

George swallows. "Is it... is it tight?"

The words felt dirty leaving his tongue, face daring to slip darker, caress pale features with a deep

shade of fawn red. More slick sounds filter through the air, timbre moans jolting through George's body with recognizable intrigue—would Dream let him answer his own question? Slip his own length inside of the toy and use it in the same way he was?

“Yeah—*fuck, George,*” Dream moans, head lolling to the side as hooded, viridian eyes bore into George's own. And it almost seems as if he could read his mind, speaking the very thoughts in his head into existence with silent knowledge. “Do you wanna find out, baby?”

His strokes become faster, hand lifting the fleshlight up his length before pushing it back down again. George whimpers at Dream's words, instantly nodding his head before his near-silent common sense could cry out with prolonged vulnerability.

“Yes, please.”

Dream stills the toy when it's pushed all the way down. “*Fuck—okay, just wait, baby, I'm close. Keep—Keep talking, princess.*”

“A-Already?” George tilts his head, lustful confusion visible behind cloudy eyes. “Didn't you just... it's *that* good?”

“Can be.”

George's next swallow is harsh, Adam's apple bobbing in his throat from the minuscule action as he observes how Dream slowly brings the toy up, the bulge of his cock lessening inside of the thing.

The thought of Dream being close gave him the barest surge of confidence—the kind he had when he texted the other from the confines of his very own bedroom. And it's that sliver of confidence that keeps George going when he blurts out whatever words bestow his mind.

“I feel like you'd ruin me.”

A groan tumbles past the etches in Dream's lips within a second, torn from his chest with the most twisted intent. George falters at the sound of it, at the way it feels so strictly *raw* and almost as though he was never meant to hear it at all.

Dream's eyes fell shut at the same time his hand tightened around the fleshlight, wrist motions returning to a steady constant as he drags the toy up along the full length of his cock. When George finally caught his breath through the strain of unholy imagery, he tasted the tangerine of ashen fire where it lined the muscle of his throat.

"Your cock," George muttered, hands falling to his knees with a fisting tightness that kept him from touching anywhere else, "you look like you could split me open."

He could only whisper, filterless existence hindered by the choke in his voice when he spoke. And every move of Dream's enthralling body was far too good to look away from, even when he was doing nothing but falling back into the sitting position he'd been in when George had first walked in the room. Spread out and on display, eyes creeping open to expose the most dangerous hints of viridian hiding beneath the wisp of his eyelashes.

George watched, oh, he *watched*. He knew his jaw had remained dropped open, could taste the thick tension in the air on the flat of his tongue, could feel the dryness on his lips until he dared to lick them wet. There was far too much meaning behind those narrowed eyes when a pink tongue darted out to lick those chapped lips clean, and George would've had to be blind to miss the way he was being watched with such interest.

"You're so big, Dream," he confessed, turning to filthy words when he couldn't take that look from those eyes anymore. "I want your cock in me so *bad*."

Another faltering groan coated those bitten pink lips, verdant eyes flickering between George's spit-slicked mouth and the push of his own cock through the end of the fleshlight. George, too, had split attention—caught between his own messy thoughts and the filth that was Dream's unapology. He'd made a mess of himself, yet he still held all the power in his too-large hands, the sloppy existence of his cock buried in that toy more intoxicating than it was desperate.

George felt a whine of his own slip off the wetness of his tongue. Pale fingers clenched tighter around the fabric on his knees, cock straining against the same shade of grey when he wasn't wearing any underwear to hold himself better.

"Yeah?" Dream taunted through the breath in his own voice. "Are you jealous of my toy?"

It would've been pathetic to admit it. *Jealous?* Of a *sex toy*? It barely even made any sense—it's not like the piece of plastic in Dream's hand could feel anything. It was a *toy*, whereas George was real and made of flesh and blood sitting across from Dream on the bed, it was an objective decision to say that he was better. It couldn't have been argued no matter how hard Dream tried.

Yet he still felt jealous of that fucking toy.

And it was in the dragging smirk on those lips, it was in the drooling arrogance that seeped from the tan of Dream's skin without even having to say a word. It was the way his teeth poked out from behind a shield of pink, the way he managed to make George feel so pathetic and *vulnerable* when they weren't even touching yet.

"Yes," he relented without enough of a fight. "I'm jealous of your toy."

Dream laughed, *laughed*, cards of amusement splitting through his obvious desperation when the motion of his hand slowed nearly to a stop. But he twisted his wrist before he could get too lost to himself, stuttering over a breath that George wished could've been spilled into his mouth.

"You want me inside of you that bad, doll?"

Taunts had never looked so good on a grinning face. George's chest heaved, and he nearly choked on his breath before he could form the words in his mouth and argue back—not that it was anything but a losing game, defeat already glistening with the same reflectivity as the lube dripping down the side of Dream's cock.

"I want you to touch me," George pleaded instead, the desperation within himself evident not only in the words he said.

His want surged forth in every inch of his existence, from the look in his eyes all the way down to the way his toes curled just out of Dream's sight. But the essence of *need* still lingered, thick and high in the air between them, though it was a tearing groan through the grit of shut teeth that nearly made George lose the rest of his mind.

"I'm close," Dream repeated, but the strain in his voice felt stronger this time. "Help me get off and I'll touch you, princess."

George swallowed, heavy and bobbing with need. He kept his hands to himself no matter how tempting the pulse of Dream's cock looked to his clenching hands, stayed still despite the shake of his body where he was so unfathomably nervous about screwing up or falling apart in the wrong ways.

Words had never felt just as hard as they did easy. It wasn't an issue of not knowing what to say, it was an issue of his lips forgetting how to form the words.

"You better fuck me harder than that," George spoke without the same domineer of Dream's commands. "I want you to break me in half."

Even if his desperation still pitted him at a lower point than the man across the bed, it was Dream who came with a long, drawn-out groan, fucking the toy down onto himself until he'd overturned the crest of his high. Though his orgasm certainly wasn't lacking, ending with cum leaking from every gap in the fleshlight that it could get to with all the same intrigue as earlier.

George couldn't take his eyes off the thing. It was the same ropes of white drooling down the sides of Dream's cock when he pulled the toy away, taking himself with a free hand instead to slowly jerk at his softening length.

Undoubtedly, George could watch him do this for hours; from the drip of his lube-diluted cum to the mess that was the fleshlight in his hand, from the blissed-out look in his eyes to the part in lips where his breath heaved. Dream had never looked so fucking *good*, and that may have said a lot when it came to George's watchful eye.

"Come here," Dream beckoned, words lifting George's chin with startling quickness. "In my lap, baby."

Before he can even so much as think about it, George crawls across the bed to seat himself in Dream's lap. And he barely notices when Dream sets the toy down on the mattress beside him, only noticing that both his hands are free when they're wrapped around his waist and tugging him closer, sliding him over the surface of his thighs with enough ferocity that he has to catch himself with palms splayed across bare shoulders.

The skin-on-skin contact feels like fire. Dream's body is searing, scorching holes through the curve of George's palms in near-silence. And those hands that feel just as hot as the rest of him are slipping beneath the hem of his shirt, catching fabric between thick fingers and toying with it absently.

"Take your clothes off," Dream speaks with a leading confidence, the carry of his voice persisting even when he's near whisper. "Then I'll take care of that cock of yours," he nearly scoffs, dragging his fingers feather-light along the clothed length of it; the stimulation is still enough to make George shiver. "You look like you're about to crack."

George whines, face pitted far too close to Dream's for him to miss it. And the pathetic sound on his lips drags a smirk across Dream's own, hand blindly reaching for the discarded toy at his side while George's fumble to take his clothes off. He squirms his way out of Dream's lap to strip himself of those sweats he'd barely worn, shoving them off in the direction of the floor to go along with his dirty-feeling shirt.

It left him bare and exposed in the center of Dream's lap, undeniably vulnerable. Perhaps he had already forgotten how much of himself he'd exposed to Dream that afternoon, hands shyly falling in front of himself in a hasty attempt to hide himself, the shyness in scarlet tones once again climbing up the front of his face to paint him nervous.

Obviously, Dream noticed, and obviously, he was having none of it. A hand was already pulling at his wrists, hands being dragged away from the half-attempted cover until one was being held up by George's head—fingers curled uselessly into the center of his palm—and the other hung motionless at George's twitching side.

He hung his head like there was something to be ashamed of. When faced with the image of his own pathetically hard and leaking cock, he considered the fact that maybe there *was* something to be ashamed of.

“Aw, baby,” Dream crooned, fingers tightening in their circle around George’s wrist. “What’s got you all worked up?”

He asked like he didn’t already know. Like he hasn’t *already tried* to pry it out of George over text, wrangle that self-pitying confession of how he dared to touch himself to thoughts of Dream. He still wasn’t going to tell him that he’d dreamed of this, or that the thought of bruises on his wrist where Dream squeezed so tight only aroused him more, but he whimpered through closed lips when he searched for the answer on his tongue, wondering why it tasted so similar to red.

“Touch me,” he pleaded in lieu of an answer, shifting slightly where he was seated in Dream’s lap. “Please, *please*, just do *something*.”

A laugh rose from Dream’s untouched throat, rolling with a resounding timbre that could have intimidated George were he not so far gone. Instead, the sound of it only made him *more* desperate than he already was, squirming even more in Dream’s lap with the hope that it would urge him to move.

He’d been so caught up in his own head that George failed to notice the fact that Dream was *also* lacking clothes until he felt the presence of his skin beneath his thighs. Just as hot and scorching as the rest of him, daring to melt George into a puddle where he lay in a mess atop his lap.

God, he just wanted Dream to touch him. Even if it was only with the tip of his finger, he was just so fucking *desperate*, desperate enough to consider resorting to all the whining pleas he’d gathered on his tongue that he was still hiding behind pearly grit teeth.

“Okay, doll,” Dream cut through his racing mind like a knife through butter, the hand encircling George’s slim wrist releasing him with the ache of his strangling hold. “Here.”

And a hand bearing a still-messy sex toy emerged from presumed hiding, inching closer to George’s cock where precum gathered at the tip. Before his breath could catch in the center of his sternum, Dream pushed the toy downward until it swallowed the head of his cock, dragging all the air out of George’s lungs in one fell swoop.

It *did* feel tight, tighter than George’s hand could ever force itself to be. And it was unfamiliar, the rubber-like sensation of the toy wrapped around the most sensitive parts of him something unlike anything George had ever felt before.

But his inability to recognize the feeling only added to the intrigue, the wrap around his cock nothing short of tantalizing; it only got better as Dream sank the toy down further, taking the rest of George’s length into the transparency until he was spiraling into a mawl-ridden mess.

When George looked down at himself, he couldn’t see the tip of his cock peeking out the other side of the toy. And it didn’t bulge awkwardly around him the way it did around Dream, only swallowed him completely with a strangling grasp that stole all the words from his drool-ridden mouth.

“Does that feel good, Georgie?”

Perhaps it was always meant to be a rhetorical question. Even if it wasn’t, George couldn’t muster up an answer beyond a shiver-induced whimper, but in his mind he cried the praises of *yes*. He

didn't find the toy nearly as attractive on his cock as he did on Dream's, but it certainly felt as good as he made it look; good enough to have George's nails digging into the freckled skin of Dream's shoulders.

"Is it as tight as you thought it would be?" Dream prodded further, drawing another whine out through those pretty pink lips.

And he picked up the pace with his shifting hand, dragging his toy up and down the length of George's cock with a steady crescendo. He took his free hand and pressed it against the opening on the other side of the toy, where George's cock couldn't reach and Dream's could.

The opposite opening had been left slick, an obscene mixture of leftover lube and dripping cum spilling out from that side of it. George couldn't feel it, but Dream could—sinking two fingers into the tight opening to slick them in what had to be the lewdest way possible.

George moaned again at the sight, though he was sure Dream would assume his noises to only be from the sensation. His cock was still being squeezed so hotly by the toy in Dream's hand, precum leaking out of the tip and staining the already filthy toy further into irreparability.

But the fact that the toy was already wet made the whole ordeal even more obscene. That all the obscene squelching noises emitting from the thing—ones that matched the sounds from earlier, when it had been Dream fucking himself like this—came from the slickness of Dream's cum and the lube that had once been on him, it only dragged George closer to his own messy release.

Those two fingers that had once been in the wrong end of the fleshlight were now prodding at George's hole, slick and present against his rim where they drew circles in drawling slowness.

Dream leaned in close to George's ear, lips grazing his burning hot skin where the vermillion in his blood had gone stark enough to see.

"Do you think you'll be tighter?"

The tempted response was to whimper. To dig nails harder into freckled skin, slim hips pushing back into the touch of two filthy-slicked fingers. Slutty noises speckled the tan of Dream's shoulders in twisting red, gliding down the curves in his muscles with every move he made.

When George pushed back against the pads of his fingers, Dream twisted the fleshlight where it held tight around his cock. He shoved it down as far as he could force it, pressing George's hips into his fingers with increased pressure—the second of which was *so close* to slipping inside, nearly breaching George's entrance until Dream pulled the toy up with all the slowness of before.

His iron grip brought George's hips with him, and no matter how desperate he may have been for intrusion, Dream's fingers did not follow his lift. And as he was pulled a greater distance away from what he *really* wanted, the skin-tinting whines on George's lips felt just as inevitable as they did sinful.

"Dream."

The plea cut hopelessly through the same tainted skin, the shake of George's body visible as his head collapsed onto Dream's shoulder. Hot scarlet and crimson hue scored itself into his forehead, licking flames felt impenetrably even through the curtain of his too-long hair.

Dream laughed at his desperation; at the way he kept mewling over the tightness around his cock, at the way he was still attempting to rock backwards into the still-gentle press of Dream's two fingers. Even if he was pressing his fingers up with the mind to make George feel it, his attention

was better spent on the twist of his clear yet filthy toy—enough of a spin to fill the space between them with a mess of obscenely lewd noises, enough to make George buck his hips up into the toy with a pant.

Lips parted against skin, and for the first time, George could properly *taste* the flesh he'd once gathered beneath his nails, finding the return of trailed ash that ran down the back of his throat. It scorched him irreparable, body chasing a mess of sensations when all he could feel was the impending presence of his orgasm.

“Is there something you want?” Dream questioned, and George could only whine in place of a proper answer.

It wasn't like a coherent response was entirely necessary, because George *knew* that Dream was aware of exactly what he wanted. He could practically hear the blond's twisted smirk where it rested on his lips, invisible to his fluttering eyelids and the downturn of his head but undeniably there nonetheless.

He spread his lips open wider, mouthing desperately at the heat of Dream's exposed skin. The speed of his wrist picked up far too quickly, the unholy noises that spilled from his toy in the same drip as leftover cum growing louder to George's once-innocent ears.

The strain in his breath was impossible to hear over the lewder sounds, pale hands trailing down until they were caught around Dream's waist.

“You need to use your words,” Dream taunted, the upward curl of his fingers promising that he didn't truly *need* to do anything. “Ask me nicely.”

The echo felt like a sinful promise, too much self-awareness hidden behind the exposure of ivory teeth that George still couldn't see. But the image remained in his head—everything but inked onto the inner parts of his eyelids—and he knew that the attraction in those eyes was unmatched.

Breathy and far too close to his orgasm for a man who'd barely been touched, George found it within himself to spill confession.

“Want you inside me,” was the first admittance, though a spark of danger in George's lungs told him that wasn't *asking*.

Unfairly, he heard it ricochet in Dream's voice. Familiar and all the same as the breath that spilled out against his ear, George almost wished for the voice to have been his own.

“*Please*, can you put your fingers inside me?” he tried instead, though the opposition had only been in his head. “I want you to stretch me, Dream, fuck me open on your fingers until I can't take it anymore.”

A quiet groan barely split the tension in the air wide enough to reach George's ears. But he would've felt the tension in his muscles even without the noise, the harsher press in his fingers that begged to oblige when George had asked so *nicely*.

“Dream,” George repeated, lifting his head up to look the blond properly in the eyes again, “*please*.”

When faced with pretty, flitting lashes and the desperation in George's eyes, Dream was rendered a much weaker man. And even if it was far more entertaining to watch the brunet unfold in his lap—made useless by the wrap of a toy around his cock and the promise of fingers buried inside him in silent *eventually*—there was only so much teasing that both men could take.

Perhaps George had crumbled first, giving in at the same time he pleaded for stimulation—whether silently or with the directness of his word choice. Or maybe it was Dream, with his voice stumbling over a curse as he pressed his messy wet middle fingers up into George’s ass.

There was resistance, only heightened by the awkward angle of Dream’s arm wrapped around George’s back to reach the sweet vulnerability facing away from him. But George was spreading his knees apart to welcome the intrusion, pathetic and collapsing in his place atop Dream’s thighs until the toy still on his cock chased his downfall.

“Am I tighter?”

The question felt like sinful promise, posing an unholy consideration to the words Dream had once said so mindlessly. And George wondered if Dream could even judge his answer now—when he was no more than one finger deep—but the matching cocky voice in his head begged to know right then.

With the presence of vivid imagery, George found himself curious as to whether or not Dream had ever *fingered* his toy. The same toy that was now wrapped around *George’s* cock, motions falling lax where Dream’s mind ran faster than his wrists could keep up with.

In a startling color daydream, George imagined the blond with his fingers buried inside the toy, spreading its feigned entrance open with the slick of lube on his fingers. He could hear all the same noises he heard now—from the slick resistance to the heavy breath falling far too close to his lips—and George realized that he’d lost himself completely.

“Yeah,” Dream admitted with finality, breathless yet in time with himself when he twisted the squeezing transparency. “You’re so fucking tight, Georgie.”

As if in emphasis, he thrust his finger upward into George, shifting the body that rested in his lap and punching out a moan. It sounded desperate, completely breathless and without restraint; it was a sick contrast when put against the bitten flesh of George’s lips, etched-in tooth marks that would’ve felt permanent if it weren’t for familiarity.

At some point, chasing pale hands had rediscovered their forgotten place on Dream’s shoulders, palms swallowing all the spilled vermilion that now branded his burning hot skin. The rise and fall of a fleshlight on George’s cock was falling erratic, the upstroke feeling far more deliberate until Dream inevitably let gravity take the rest of him.

When that single finger inside of him curled—slick with nothing but white and clear filth, decidedly thicker than George’s own—it was only a stranded curse before the brunet was pleading again.

“*Kiss me.*”

As far as requests went in the tense air of that sun-stroked bedroom, that one was easy. Neither of them could scarcely believe it had taken them so long to fall to that point, where Dream was coaxing George’s body forward by the hand on his ass and his once relentless toy was falling still.

Akin to lurid technicolor, their lips met in heat.

Dream tasted of secrets George was never meant to keep, of the same burning fire that had erupted across every inch of his skin—a hundred thousand different feelings that all should’ve hurt him, but they all felt like a promise instead.

A drooling pink tongue licked into George’s mouth, pushing past the swell of his bitten lips and

the smattering of drool that had gathered on his skin. Dream had learned how to be relentless, any inkling of mercy forgotten to their world when he let his teeth and tongue lead a blind route through the darkness of their insatiable lust.

George whimpered. Dream swallowed the sound at the same time he curled his finger upward, already chasing another one to fall on his tongue. Breath mixed in lieu of mewling, still desperate enough to come in tandem with digging nails and bucking hips but not with definitive sound.

Stroking at George's rim with a second slicked finger was what finally got him to moan, a tease of something more—something *better*—a more-present stretch to himself when he'd begged so pretty to be fucked open.

"More," George pleaded against those newly slick lips. "I want *more*, Dream."

And he was met with a raven-shaded laugh when Dream's arrogance had found him again, shock worn off at the tightness around his finger and the shake of a pale body beneath his hands. Those lips dotted kisses along the spit-wet skin surrounding George's lips; parted open and still drooling, every breath shuddered by a curving finger pulling at his insides.

"Patience, baby," and George only whined at the allusion to more *waiting*, "I know you want my cock, but I want to take my sweet fucking time with you."

Taunts hidden deep in the corners of his mind, George knew that Dream was taking his *sweet fucking time*. It already felt like eternity, dragged out on crimson strings that dwindled into the weakest of threads; thin enough to go unseen in George's hazy eyes, head too busy wishing for the inevitable as Dream busied himself thrusting that one finger.

He was slow, *so slow*, deliberate in the motion of something that no longer felt thick enough to squirm. George whimpered—both at the sensation and lack thereof—being met with another dark-shaded laugh that almost felt *wrong* being pushed into the sun-laden air like that.

The hand that grasped transparency on George's cock drifted away, chasing after a pale hand of the brunet's own. Dream tugged his grasp away from the skin of his shoulder, met with resistance when he dragged him by the wrap around the back of his hand.

Fingertips pressed into the flesh of George's palm. His breath felt strained and unsteady, but his fingers were grazing plastic before he could catch its hitch.

"Do you want to try, pretty boy?"

And though it was posed as a question, George knew the only right answer was yes. So he let his fingers be force wrapped around the toy, feeling heavy in his palm despite no weight being truly held.

"Come on," Dream encouraged, taking his hand away from George's to slip around his back. "You can do it, baby."

George whimpered, shaking fingers coiled around the thickness of Dream's toy. With the presence of a finger buried inside him and the tease of another at his rim, George felt far too distracted to focus on *another* thing, even if it was a sensation he already had. Tight and wet around the full length of his cock, the hold only feeling tighter when he twisted his wrist until knuckles faced the lower part of his abdomen.

A broken moan emerged from the flick of his tongue, a second finger forcing itself in alongside the first. A tempting burn returned to the inner parts of George's body, enticing in the strictly

masochistic way that made him desperate to be split open.

Dream's cock—thick and hard and borderline *throbbing* where it pressed up against him gently—was only the perfect invitation to tearing him apart.

But until then—until Dream finished taking his *sweet fucking time*—George would have to make do with the stretch of two thick fingers. A slow drag in and out of him that could be felt in the resistance around his rim, tight enough to make Dream hiss through grit teeth and dig fingers into the flesh of George's hip.

He tried to use the toy the same way Dream had been. Lifting it up and letting it fall back down again, using it with the motions he'd practiced when his cock was tight in the hold of his own palm rather than a proper toy.

But he was too shaky and too slow, arm feeling weak despite barely being used, and he wondered when the turning point had been to make simple things feel so tight and difficult. Every breath he took was split in two, fingers spreading inside him at the same time Dream grinned with wicked promise; he was a fucking menace, and George would be damned if he didn't love every minute of it.

"Dream," he whined, and the flicker of watchful verdant eyes promised to never get tired of the way he said that name. "I *can't*, I can't do it, please help me."

That laughter—sick and fucking *menacing*—filled the spaces between George's ears once more. It was darker than the night sky, a reality that hadn't risen outside the window just yet; it left George shuddering more than he already was, all the words he couldn't say spelled out across his face like a red-inked tattoo.

It was obvious that Dream had no intentions of helping him. His hands had both busied himself; one with two fingers spreading apart inside him and the other tugging him exposed by the palm on his ass.

"Yes you can, baby," Dream urged in place of requested assistance. "Fuck that thing like you mean it."

Perhaps that was the problem: George *didn't* mean it. He could only moan at the low-spilling words, the wrap of Dream's voice around his throat as enticing as a chokehold but without the threat of bruising. It was only a phantom presence, spurred on by the hot breath fanning against untouched skin with spreading crimson.

George struggled to lift the toy up the length of his cock, body falling forward to bury his face in Dream's neck. Another whine coated the freckles on his skin, the motion of his body more by the thrust of Dream's fingers than the brunet himself.

"What did I say?" Dream questioned harshly, thrusting his fingers into George with more force than ever. "I said to fuck that thing like you mean it, so *mean it*."

Pink lips mouthed at the skin of Dream's neck, moans coming out strangled when his mouth was open so wide. Dream wasn't having any of it, only picking up the pace with his fingers and curling them upward with more intent.

"I *can't*," George insisted, borderline sobbing with a pathetic excuse for motion in his wrist. "Dream, *please*, I can't do it by myself."

A scoff buried itself in George's ears, taunting by design. His fist clenched around the toy at the

same time he tightened around Dream's fingers, coaxing a breathy curse from his mouth in the midst of his ebon existence.

"You can," he corrected, shoving his fingers in as far as they could go, "and you *will*."

And with a ghost of a touch against George's prostate—only just enough to make him moan, shaking body frozen still for a blink of a moment before it all disappeared—fingers leaving him completely until George felt nothing but empty.

He could feel where stray drops of lube dripped from his hole, barely there but present nonetheless. He attempted to chase the retreat of Dream's fingers, whining with the roll of his hips when he found nothing but empty air.

Dream took a fistful of George's hair with his clean hand, pulling him up and out of his neck until he had visual of his face again. Drool had gathered on the pink of his bottom lip—enough to leave Dream with a stain of it in the crook of his neck—and his eyes had gone wider in the time they'd been hidden from view.

A verdant gaze coasted down the front of George's body, alabaster skin in a near-boneless heap spilling over the corners of his lap. And those long, elegant fingers—polished marble in the tones of a Greek statue—were still in their curve around the offending toy, perhaps fading in presence to the cloudy translucency of the plastic.

George's eyelids flickered. He breathed unsteady through a part in his lips, still feeling far too empty for it to be preferred and his cock strangled by the thing he could barely even feel in his palm anymore.

"Are you gonna make me say it again?"

The harshness in Dream's tone multiplied exponentially, a grin still barely visible where it lay in arrogance across his lips. He looked stern, like he *meant it*, and George knew it was because he did.

But whether out of obligation to his shaking fingers or a want to have everything done for him, George didn't do anything but whine. He stuttered his hips minutely in Dream's lap, creating barely enough motion for the bedsprings to creak under their bodies.

"Do it your-fucking-self, princess," Dream hissed through grit teeth, tugging harder on the mess of dark hair between his fingers. "I'm not fucking you until you cum in that thing."

Breath caught in the ashen tightness of George's throat, body stilling when his hand curled tighter around the toy. A displeased whine made presence before he could swallow it, but the danger in Dream's eyes startled him back into compliance.

He lifted the toy up the length of his cock slowly, not stopping until the end of it was knocking against Dream's stomach. Dream, with a grin returning to his face in the display of ivory teeth and three fingers sinking into the top opening of the clear toy.

George paused at the sound of Dream's hiss, but he'd pressed down to his third knuckle and used all the leverage he had to push the toy down with the press of his fingers.

Fingertips lightly grazed the slick head of George's cock, a pathetically loud whine spilling out over his lips with the new sensation. Dream laughed again, low and behind his teeth, twisting those intruding fingers on withdrawal.

“Fuck,” he cursed beneath his breath, almost as if George wasn’t meant to hear it at all. “You’re way tighter than that thing, baby.”

George whimpered, attempting to bring a newfound vigor to the motion of the toy. He tried to lift it up close to the head of his cock on every upstroke—feeling the tightness where it clenched nothing more than his overly slick tip—but his wrist would inevitably fall with the drag of Dream’s fleshlight down his length, wet at every corner and impossibly withholding.

And Dream had returned the pads of his fingers to his hole, which would surely make everything harder than it already was. George was already faltering over the lift of the transparency, and the quick return of two fingers deep inside him promised to make difficulty even more of a strain.

There seemed to be no point in wasting time, thick fingers already twisting against the resistance that even George could feel. Despite how long Dream had already spent with those same two fingers spreading apart inside of George, the stretch was still burning and noticeable; despite how much George could feel it, he still wanted the third finger right the.

He would’ve asked for it if he knew how.

Slick lips stumbled over forlorn words, nothing more than high-strung syllables tumbling off his lips when coherence felt too far away. George wondered if any of the nonsense he was babbling sounded even *close* to the words he heard in his mind, if Dream could’ve gotten what he was saying if he tried—not that he would listen even if he *could* understand George, but there would always be a temptation to hope.

The grin on Dream’s face was unrelenting as his only method of communication, two fingers spreading George apart from the inside out in slow, repetitive motion. George tried to match the pace of Dream’s fingers with the fleshlight in his hands, just as long-stroked and deliberate as the blond was being.

It may have been painfully slow for a moment, but perhaps it felt better to do things in tandem. To make every sensation feel like one, overlapping in twisted crimson promise that reminded him of the way he’d felt on his bedroom floor.

Because that was where this had started. With George in a heap on the carpet, fingers loose in a hold around his cock when he bit his lips to be unheard; not like this, where he fucked something so tight and wet and *hot*, where the fingers caught inside him moved without predictability because they weren’t his own.

“Oh,” Dream cooed with jolting suddenness, scaring George out of his own head and stuttering the motion of his hand. “Are you trying to fuck yourself, baby?”

Is that what he was doing?

It almost felt like it, with the way he’d matched up his movements to Dream’s so intentionally. Though he jerked himself off at the same time he stretched himself open for nothing, the wrap of his hand could never feel the same as the toy he had on himself right now—decidedly, it was *that* good, just as Dream said it could be.

Nearly choking on a whimper, George found it in the muscles of his lips to form a single word. It revealed itself at a higher tone than he was used to hearing himself in, pitched up by desperation and burning red arousal that sought to make his veins glow vermillion.

“More...”

He was close, close enough to feel it—but he knew he needed *more*. Just one more finger, or the fervor behind Dream’s movements to return in the way they’d been when he was halfway to pissed off; or better yet, *both*. He just wanted anything, everything—*fuck*, something.

But instead of granting any of the wishes that George couldn’t voice, Dream scoffed with exaggerated annoyance.

“Oh, please,” he mocked, pressing his fingers together with a harsh thrust upward. “If it’s your cock you’re getting fucked on, then two fingers should be *more* than enough for your little fantasy, yeah?”

It was degrading, but the words fell over George’s shoulders with the same cascading shades as being called “*good boy*.” Ashes in his lungs stuck to the outskirts of muscle, clinging onto his insides with a flame-laden whimper and the twitch of his in-motion wrist.

Arrogance. Sick and skin-melting, it painted Dream’s face like blaring neon lights, all in a color that George could see without chemical assistance.

“Dream, *please*,” he pleaded, the hand not grasping a toy he didn’t own falling to the base of Dream’s cock. “Wan’ yours.”

A stuttered groan ripped past those smirking lips, curling fingers failing halfway to his prostate. George wondered why he hadn’t done this sooner—wrapped his hand around Dream, felt the way he twitched and pulsed for himself; it was even better than he could’ve imagined, all the intoxicating movement he’d seen behind the clear of a fleshlight on display and in the palm of his hand.

The moment Dream caught his breath, he returned to his chase for George’s prostate; which he found far too soon, stroking at the most sensitive part of George with enough deliberacy to make his eyes roll to the back of his head.

“Then you better finish, princess.”

Dream laughed, returning to the repetitive pace he’d set with his fingers. It was faster than it had been before—George could tell—but it was still far too slow, not as quick or as hard as George would’ve gone if he were the one in control.

But he *wasn’t* the one in control, and he could plead for what he wanted so long as he knew it came with no guarantees.

“*More*.”

A lone eyebrow raised. “Another finger?”

George swallowed thickly, nodding despite the quiver in his body. “*Please*.”

With the long-awaited addition of Dream’s third finger, George felt like he could *finally* get himself off properly. The burn of his stretching muscles had returned, three fingers effectively tearing him apart before they even got intentional.

He wondered what Dream’s cock would feel like inside of him if his fingers felt like *this*.

He thought back to the way the fleshlight he now held in his marble-crested hands had bulged with the intrusion of Dream’s cock, the way he’d let his mind run away from itself earlier that same afternoon—gotten lust-drunk on the thought of his own body doing the same thing, bursting at the

seams when he couldn't handle the things that he'd wanted so bad.

"Fuck," Dream cursed, spreading his fingers with prolonged motion just to hear George mewl. "You take my fingers so well, Georgie."

He praised with such a saccharine tone, but even George knew the pink-shaded niceties would be short-lived on Dream's forked tongue. It wasn't like he minded.

"It's almost like," Dream tutted, "you do this to yourself."

He emphasized his words with a particularly harsh thrust from all three fingers. George tried to match his fervor with a quicker glide from the toy wrapped around him, whimpering into the tense air between them when he started breathing white.

"Close," he whispered, voice everything but strangled without the ability to choke any more words out.

In answer to wordless pleas, Dream picked up his pace. He fucked George open on his fingers, not holding back on scissoring them apart in hopes of stretching him out well enough. Lube and sliding drops of cum leaked onto the already messy sheets, staining shades of grey darker when neither of them had it in them to care.

Dream clearly didn't pay much mind to getting cum on his sheets, and George was too busy chasing his orgasm with a filthy fucking sex toy to care.

"Cum for me, baby," Dream encouraged, the rose tint of his praise in wraps around every syllable. "Cum for me and I'll fuck you good, okay?"

With the dripping sweet promise, George spilled white into the clear of the fleshlight. His erratic movements slowed as he came down, panting through every moan that sounded just a little too close to Dream's name.

The world felt empty and silent for a moment. And it was no one and nothing but Dream and George, alone on the bed beneath the evening's golden light. Dream was running gentle fingers through George's hair as he came down from his high, pulling his filthy hand free so he could pull the overly used fleshlight off George's sensitive-turning cock.

Cum dripped obscenely from the thing, and Dream found himself staring at it with rapt interest. It took him longer than it should have to discard the thing, letting it fall to the floor beside his bed with the same amount of care he gave his bed sheets shown to his carpeted bedroom floor.

"Good boy," Dream praised with burning hands running over the skin of George's back. "You're so good for me, Georgie."

The sweet words were burning hot in familiarity, but George had other wants. Things he tried to voice with the heavy breath spilling out from his lungs, hands dragging over Dream's chest until all his attention was paid to his leaking cock, neglected and hard where it stood proudly between them.

"Want," he said simply, a whimper half-muffled by the press of his lips against Dream's skin.

"My cock?" Dream prompted, letting one of his hands fall on top of George's.

An agreeing hum made vibrations on his spit-stained skin. Dream laughed again—the hints of sick ebon still present beneath every shade of pink—hands wrapping gently around George's waist as

he flipped them over on the bed.

Before he knew it, George was spread out on his back against the wrinkled grey sheets. Dream had situated himself between his parted thighs, slipping those three fingers back inside of him with slow, deliberate circles that were already making him shake.

He felt so fucking *sensitive*. Already getting hard again, George wanted to know why Dream was sadistic enough to make him cum *before* fucking him properly. It certainly left the toy that had even led him here to begin with in a state of disrepair, but it dwindled George down to patheticism in the sound of his shaking breaths.

“Tell me how you want it.”

Fingers spread apart minutely, scarcely noticeable if George were anything other than wracked with stimulation. Umber eyes got lost on the visual of Dream’s cock, something that looked just as sensitive as he felt.

He wanted it so *bad*, he wanted it bad enough to scare him.

“Hard,” George gasped, writhing under the touch of Dream’s skilled fingers. “The same way you fuck that stupid toy, *please*, Dream, I’m just your dumb little fucktoy.”

A groan ripped through Dream’s cinched teeth, eyelids flickering at the filthy promise in every word. George could barely think, hooking his legs around Dream’s waist to tug him closer, rolling his hips down in a grind against those three fingers where they’d fallen near-motionless inside of him.

“That’s what you want, baby?” Dream asked breathlessly, the question a perfectly even mix of clarifying and taunt. “To be my fucktoy?”

The nod of George’s head came too fast, dark hair a spill against the grey of the pillows beneath him. His tongue felt heavy in his mouth, spit gathering beneath it with a drip like burning magma—George writhed when his prostate was stimulated, wishing for nothing but the feel of Dream’s cock inside him in place of his curling fingers.

Gasping over a breath, George lifted his hands from where they’d laid uselessly on the bed to grab hopelessly at Dream’s shoulders. Nails skated across red-stained skin, heels digging into lower backs with leveraged pushes that made Dream reel forwards with a grunt.

“Please,” George pleaded without restraint. “Please use me, Dream.”

How was he supposed to decline a request like that?

So Dream practically scrambled to get the lube from his bedside table, fingers losing their place inside of George when he pulled away from his body. Despite knowing what promised to come next, George still whimpered at the loss of something inside of him; knees parted on instinct to make more space where Dream had once been, hands collapsed against the grey of the pillowcase once more with palms facing up toward the ceiling.

Seconds felt eternal. Truly, it couldn’t have been too long before Dream was seated on his knees again, dripping lube down the length of his cock and slicking himself up with the careful glide of his palm. It was a terribly attractive sight, an intoxicating visual presented before George’s eyes.

He’d seen plenty of enthralling things so far. From the way Dream fucked into that fleshlight of his to his large hand on his swollen cock, George could’ve found enough jerk-off material to last him

years just in that one encounter—and Dream wasn't even inside him yet.

“Dream, please,” George spoke faster than he could think, hearing the words on his lips at the same time Dream did. “*Hurry up.*”

With a low laugh—strained with red arousal, halfway to taunting—Dream shifted forward, lining his cock up with George's stretched and waiting hole. The feel of Dream's cock there only made him spread his legs wider, feeling strain in the muscles of his legs where he made space to compensate for a large form.

Taking George by the thighs and pushing his bending knees back into his chest, Dream looked up at darkened eyes for confirmation.

“You're ready, baby?”

There could've been a million different ways to say yes. If George sat there mulling over every last one of them, they'd never get to the good part.

“If you don't fuck me stupid right now, I'll die.”

Dream laughed again—far more amused than he was insulting—but he pushed forwards anyway. Slid himself into George where he was waiting so impatiently, let him feel the still-there stretch of his cock entering him.

It burned just as his fingers did, but it felt so much *different*—which was to be expected, seeing how it *was* different. His cock was far bigger than his fingers, and he could *feel it twitching*, hot and irreplaceable with a promise to ruin George for anyone and anything else.

It could've been impossible. George was a sputtering mess by the time Dream was all the way in, hips flush with George's ass and hands still in wrap around his milky thighs. He remained still on his knees, only watching the twisted face beneath him as spit drooled from the corners of his mouth.

“Move,” George whispered before Dream could even ask, “fuck me, Dream, *please.*”

“Fuck—George,” Dream stumbles, nearly shocked by the way he managed to be so shameless.

Even still, he readjusts his hold on George's hips anyways, pulls out in minute slowness before sinking back in again. Clearly, it's enough for George to feel it, body already twisting at the sensation of Dream's cock dragging against the inside of him; stuttered breaths only made more desperate by the fact he's already finished once.

Dream has always been deliberate—what's true in life is true right then, and it wasn't like he'd been anything but intentional since he got George between his legs. But it still managed to get more excruciating on every repeat, desperation building in George's gut until he felt fit to burst (the presence of Dream's oversized cock inside him certainly doesn't help on that front).

But he can do nothing but *take it*, though he's not left at the mercy of Dream's body the way he wishes to be. He's left to lay there and take Dream's slow pace; the long strokes of his cock as he withdraws and pushes back in again, the catch of the head of his cock against his rim.

And a part of him likes it, seeing how it lets him feel every inch of his cock where it glides against him—and god, Dream was *big*. Every shift and movement reminded George of that fact unyielding, reminds him of the way that fleshlight looked ready to break at the mercy of Dream's cock and the way he feels just the same as that toy.

It was exactly as he wanted. He just wished Dream would fuck him the same way he wrecked that wretched thing.

“Harder,” he relented, thighs shaking in Dream’s palms at the same tempo as his trembling lips. “Fucking *use me*, Dream.”

Laughter. It was sick and ebon, a grating sensation on George’s open ears that he would dare to say he missed. It felt as warm as an invitation despite a chill that resembled ice, sacred in the most unholy way; it was wordless, but Dream swore to ruin George in all the ways he wanted.

A single, harsh thrust was all he got for a moment. Nothing more than the snap of his hips, rough enough for his collision with George’s ass to be felt in hints of bruising.

George cried out at the ceiling, hands clenching around nothing when there was only air to hold. That single movement had been rough enough to shake the bed, rough enough to knock the bed frame against the wall with a resounding *slam* that felt like music in the near-silence of the room.

Pausing, Dream watched George fall apart at the remnants of what he could have. And he thrust again, shaking the bed in all the same ways as before, savoring the wet, lewd noises that sounded out from where they were connected; it felt like heaven, though their position suggested a place much closer to hell.

It was on the third thrust that George choked on a word, a pathetic rendition of a syllable that sounded a lot like “*big*,” spilling past his broken lips.

Another string of ebon laughter heightened the tension between them, a fourth thrust opening and closing the gap between them once more. With every repeat, Dream left a little less space between the motions, and he was already colliding his hips with George’s ass for a fifth time when he opened his mouth to speak.

“Big?” he prodded like he hadn’t heard him, the red on George’s face and the whines in his mouth doing the opposite of calling his bluff. “You like it,” he insisted, “I *know* you like it, doll—told me all about how desperate you are to be split open.”

George mewled, writhing on the bed as Dream’s movement picked up into something closer to a constant. It rocked the bed beneath them with every stroke, colliding with the wall and surely leaving a mark. The room and George could match, stained by the memories of things that shouldn’t have been found and secrets that had been forgotten to keep.

Just like the sheets and the bed and the fleshlight discarded on the floor, George was left completely to the will of Dream’s body and decisions. And it seemed he had intents of fucking him back to completion as soon as he possibly could, apt to watch George make a mess of himself *again*—this time, without the constraints of a messy toy around his cock.

It was exactly as he wanted. Rough, thoughtless, and without enough mind to their surroundings. The whole room felt loud and obscene, the mix of skin-on-skin with rocking bed frames and desperate mewls coiling into something salacious, heavy and crimson on the white of George’s skin, thick enough to drip off of himself and stain the dirty bed sheets below.

For a moment, the pace slowed, and George was once again graced with the feeling of heavy cock twitching deep inside him.

“*God*, George,” Dream remarked breathlessly, one of his hands leaving George’s thigh to swipe a thumb across the spit gathering at the corner of his lips. “You are such a fucking *mess*.”

He whined because it was true, pathetic and unable to deny it. He'd become a heap, a mess of spit and drool and leaking precum that stained the flat of his stomach. He could barely keep his eyes open, he was so fucked out, already sensitive and far too close for them having just barely started.

It felt *so good*, he never wanted the moment to end. Inevitably, it would have to, but when he was in a momentary bliss with his body spread out on the sheets, he could play into a fantasy that didn't quite exist.

"A hot fucking mess, though," Dream added on, still sounding just as winded as before. "You are so fucking hot, Georgie," he punctuated those words with a newfound roughness to his thrusts, "I wish you could see yourself like this, all red and pretty."

George mewled, wanton and desperate. He could faintly see the image in his head; not just of himself, but of Dream leading him into the vile state he'd just described. Maybe it would be in front of a mirror, forced to watch his own undoing by the means of a hand on his throat; maybe it would just be in photographs that could haunt the corners of their text messages.

Either way, he wanted that. And when he whined in startling loudness with a syllable that sounded a lot like "*please*," Dream's wicked grin returned in loudness with hands that grabbed at shaking thighs.

He'd stopped completely for a moment. George would've felt at a loss if things weren't still moving so fast; knees being lifted so they slung over Dream's shoulder, faces falling closer to his with a proximity that let him taste spit on his tongue.

Two big hands caged him in, arms long and toned and strong enough to hold George down against the mattress if they tried (just another thing to dream about in the darkness of the night). But when it was only sunset and the bedroom was stroked in friendly color, Dream was merely trapping George against the bed without brute force, the shift of his cock inside him tantalizing enough to keep him still and at the blond's mercy.

Though he did not show mercy.

He picked up his old pace as if they'd never left it, quick and harsh and relentless without any room to readjust. George was everything but crying with his head thrown back against the pillow, unmarked throat exposed to the bared teeth of his partner where he hung so close to the flesh.

There was no point in biting lips when they were all alone. There was no point in hiding himself when George had always been so ready to show everything to Dream, not letting himself feel like an open book without permission from the inner parts of himself—permission he was more than happy to give right then, when Dream could practically reach all of him on his own.

It was when those big hands shifted that he lost the rest of himself, taking one of George's limp wrists with them instead of laying uselessly against the pillow. Dream pressed the flat of George's palm against the surface of his own stomach, slowed his thrusts for a prolonged moment; but not as slow as they had been when George had nearly pleaded.

"Feel that?" Dream prompted, and George let his eyes slip shut in a moment of pure euphoria.

Faintly, he could feel the heat of his skin when it lifted to press harder into his palm. And when Dream pulled his hips away in a drag, he felt the raise of his stomach vanish, only to return with the collide of hips against him.

Breath caught in his throat. The moment Dream saw the realization dawn on George's shut-eyed

face, he laughed near-silently.

“Baby, that’s me,” he whispered, husky and undeniably attractive. “It’s like I’m about to split you in half.”

It dragged George all the way to the edge, fingers digging into his own flesh at the rediscovery of Dream’s former pace. He once again let his body be rocked by a cock that was big enough to take his breath away, bed shivering beneath their tangled bodies in a filthy mix with the sounds still on their lips.

The air had never felt so thick and heavy, tasting strictly red where George felt it on his tongue and promising nothing more than sin so long as they laid there waiting. It became familiar, everything about the situation; from the numbness in George’s lips to the taste of his best friend’s name on his tongue, lines shattered right before his eyes to make room for the lewd collision of their bodies.

“Dream,” he moaned when he could finally make proper words again, “*Dream*, I’m close.”

Heavy breath made marks on the skin below George’s ear, weak yet porcelain hands lifting from the mattress to wrap around Dream’s nearby shoulders. He just barely managed to pry his eyes open, only just enough to catch sight of Dream’s face above him; not like he would’ve needed to look at anything else, anyways.

He was red-faced and twisted, hints of arrogance left beneath the freckles on his cheeks but swallowed insatiably by the desperation in his features. Surely, he was just as sensitive as George was, seeing how his cum stained the inside of that godforsaken fleshlight the same way George’s did.

Maybe he was a hot fucking mess as well. Not that George ever could’ve told him that when his tongue was so heavy.

“Cum on my cock, baby,” Dream urged, a temporary uptick in the speed of his movements making itself known. “Cum for me like the good boy you are.”

From a mix of praise and filth and feeling, George did exactly that. Stained his chest and stomach with a mess of streaking white, dripping from the head of his cock unrelenting at the same time he practically *screamed* over a syllable that sounded a lot like Dream’s name.

The visual of George’s orgasm—the way it wracked his entire body and made him even more of a writhing mess—was enough to push Dream over the edge as well, thrusts falling erratic when he could barely keep up with himself anymore.

“In or out?” he asked in a rush, gaze flicking between George’s wanton face and the cum that stained his abdomen.

“Out,” George pleaded without hesitation, “out, I want it all over me.”

And Dream obliged. He pulled his heavy cock out, inching closer to George so he hovered over the center of his chest when he jerked himself off with startling quickness. He came with a groan, splattering white all over George’s skin.

It stained him, but Dream was falling forward with his tongue pressed flat against George’s chest to lick him clean without being asked to. The responding moan on George’s tongue came out broken, skin so hot and alight that even the gentle drag of tongue against him was enough to feel like fireworks.

It was when Dream had crashed their lips back together, drooling the taste of himself into George's open mouth in search of the responding whine that they both heard the front door open somewhere in the too-close distance.

“Oh, fuck.”

End Notes

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